

WIFE, CHILDREN, & FRIENDS,

TOGETHER WITH

Bonny Barbara Allan.

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,
 The list of what fate for each mortal intends,
 At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
 And slipp'd in three blessings, *wife, children, and friends.*

In vain surly Pluto declared he was cheated,
 And justice divine could not compass her ends,
 The scheme of man's pennance he swore was defeated,
 For earth becomes heaven with *wife, children, and friends.*

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
 The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends,
 But the heart issues bills, which are never protested,
 When drawn on the firm of—*wife, children, and friends.*

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
 When duty to far distant latitudes sends,
 With transport would barter whole ages of glory,
 For one happy hour with *wife, children, and friends.*

Though valor still glows in his life's waning embers,
 The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
 Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers,
 How blest was his home, with *wife, children, and friends.*

Though the spice-breathing gale, o'er his caravan hovers,
 Though around him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,
 The merchant still thinks of the woodbine that covers
 The bower where he sat with *wife, children, and friends.*

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded with sorrow,
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends,
 But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
 No warmth from the smiles of *wife, children, and friends.*

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
 The laurel that o'er her fair favorites bends,
 O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
 Bedew'd with the tears of *wife, children, and friends.*

Let us drink, for my song growing graver and graver,
 To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
 Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall flavor
 The glass that we fill to *wife, children, and friends.*

And if in the hope of this free land to plunder,
 The tyrants of Europe to invade us pretend,
 How their legions will shrink when our arm'd freemen thun-
 The war-cry of Freemen, *wife, children, and friends.*

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

IT was in and about the Martimas time,
 When the green leaves were a falling,
 That Sir John Graeme in the west country
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.
 He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling,
 O haste, and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.
 O hooly, hooly rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man, I think you're dying.
 O it's I'm sick, and very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan,
 O the better for me ye's never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.
 O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
 When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
 That ye made the healths gae round & round
 And slighted Barbara Allan.
 He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealing;
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.
 And slowly, slowly rose she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him;
 And sighing, said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.
 She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the death-bell ringing,
 And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
 It cry'd, Wo to Barbara Allan.
 O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it saft and narrow,
 Since my love dy'd for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

Sold Wholesale and Retail, by L. Deming, corner of Merchant's Row and Market Square, Boston.

“Wife, children, & friends, together with Bonny Barbara Allan.” Boston, Massachusetts, date unknown.